THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

American Anti-Slavery Society.

I.

HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

The John Brown Air.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He has trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

II.

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the son of God is come!

III.

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

HOPE of the nations, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
And scattered their legions was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Hope of the Nations, the Power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, the bondman is free.

IV.

OUR NATION IS FREE!

L. M—*Duke Street.*

OUR nation's free! our nation's free!
All hail! the land of liberty!
Loud swell the trump that sounds its fame,
No longer now an empty name.

Far let the joyful tidings spread,
Where'er the feet of man can tread;
Waft it, ye breezes, o'er the sea,
And tell the world our nation's free.

Our nation's free! our nation's free!
Proclaim the glorious jubilee!
Sublimely let its echoes roll,
And thrill with music to the soul.

The oppressor's power at last is broke,
And millions, freed from slavery's yoke,
Their thankful hearts and voices raise,
To speak their great Deliverer's praise.

Our nation's free! our nation's free!
How bright its future destiny!
Within its bounds no clanking chain
Shall bind the human form again.

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

ANNA E. DICKINSON

AT THE

Cooper Institute, Wednesday Evening, May 10.

Admittance 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents. Tickets at American News Co., 121 Nassau st.; Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway; James Miller, 522 Broadway; Brentano, 708 Broadway; Miller and Mathews, 757 Broadway; Macfarland's, cor. Broadway and Twenty-third st.; and at the door of the hall after 7 o'clock.

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